

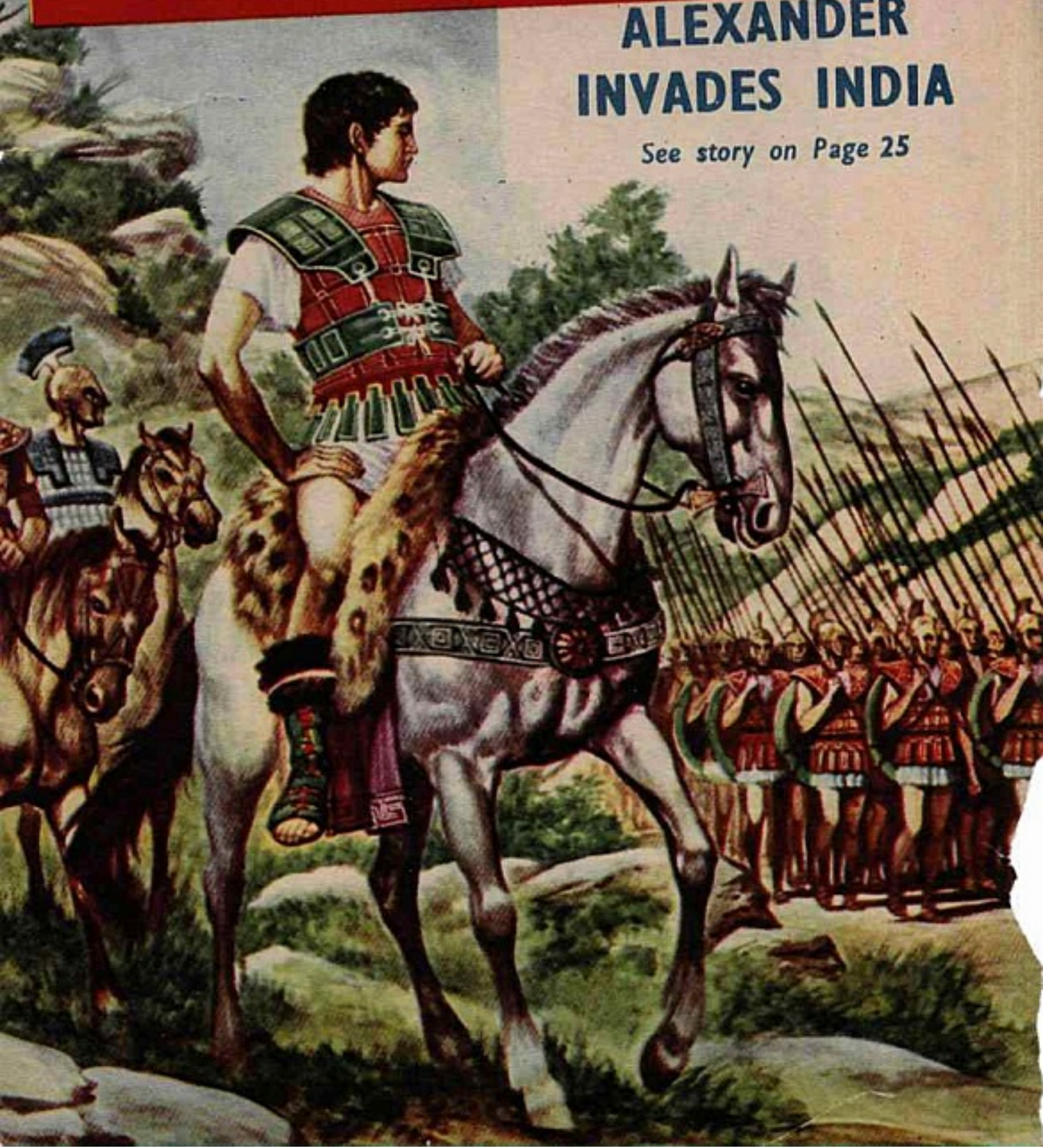
# CHANDAMAMA

NOVEMBER 1971

90 PAISE

## ALEXANDER INVADES INDIA

See story on Page 25







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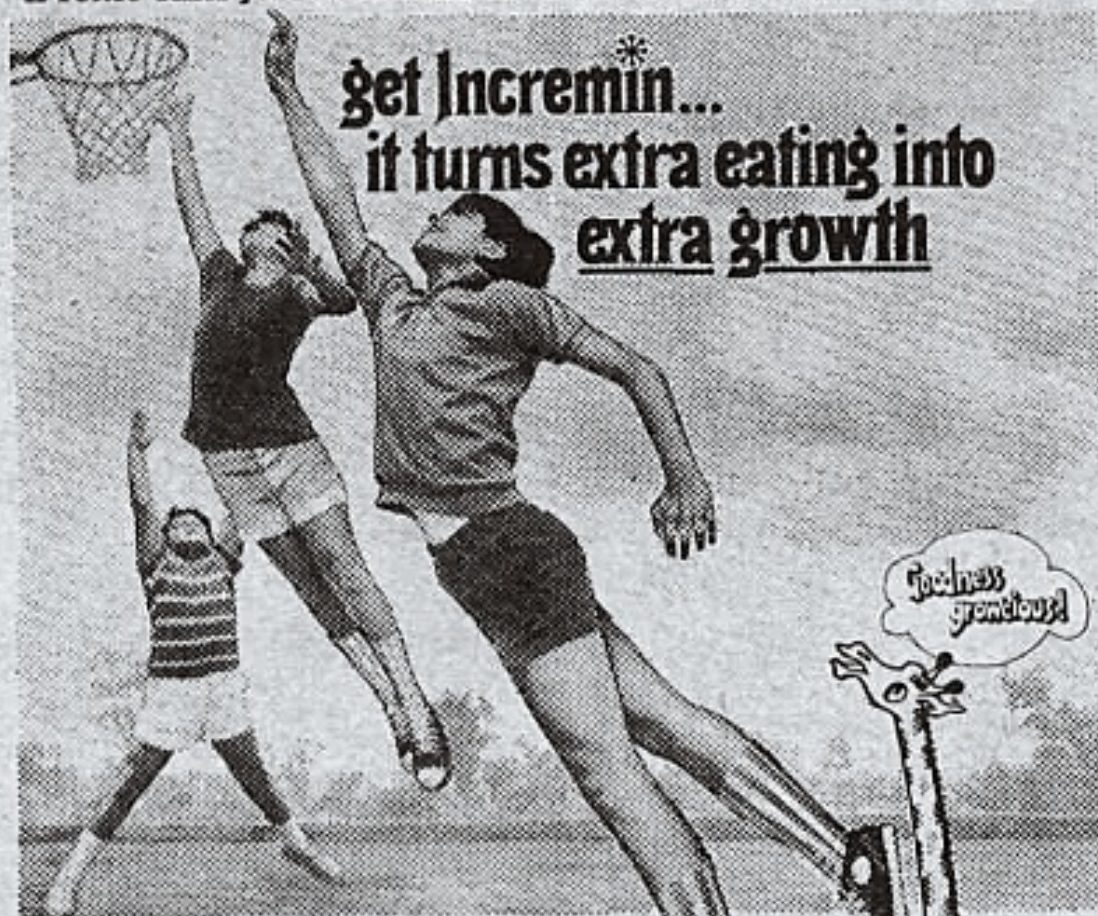
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# Patience

If ever there was a man who disliked work, it was Rajan, the peasant. Mind you, he had two acres of rich, fertile land, which yielded two good crops a year. But candidly, work

and Rajan were not good friends.

One morning, Rajan was idly wandering across his land, when a rabbit scurried from almost under his feet, and the creature was so scared, it ran headlong into a tree and killed itself.

"This is wonderful," thought Rajan. "Without any effort I now have a nice rabbit to eat. There's no sense in working, all I have to do is wait for rabbits to kill themselves."

From then onwards, Rajan was content to sit behind that tree patiently waiting for the next rabbit to come and kill itself. The days turned into weeks, and the weeks turned into months, still no rabbit came. Yet Rajan was quite content to sit and wait.

When harvest time came and all the neighbours were busy gathering their crops, which meant food and money for yet another year, there behind the tree sat Rajan, still hoping and waiting.

Maybe, he is still sitting there.







## *A Second Life*

There was no doubt about it, Bhanu was a wastrel. Mind you, he had plenty of friends, most of whom liked to help Bhanu spend his money. You see, Bhanu was the only son of a rich merchant and unfortunately his parents doted on him, and gave him far too much money to spend.

Bhanu's father stoutly declared that it was merely a passing phase and the boy would soon settle down. But Bhanu didn't settle down. As time went by, Bhanu's extravagance grew out of all bounds, urged on by his so called friends, who were always at his heels.

There came a time, when Bhanu's father getting on in years, became deeply worried as to his son's future. It

weighed heavily on the father's mind, that he was mainly responsible for his son's way of living. Early one morning, the father collapsed and realising that his life would soon be at an end, he sent for Bhanu.

"My son," he said, in a feeble voice. "In many ways I have not been a good father. But now I beg of you to give up your way of life. If you continue to waste money, one day you will find yourself penniless, and without a friend in the world. If that day ever comes, take my advice and hang yourself from the beam above my bed."

When his father died, Bhanu soon forgot his father's words, and with his inheritance he thought he could live like a



king. But riotous living and buying extravagant gifts for grasping friends, soon got out of hand, and Bhanu was horrified when he discovered that his money had dwindled to nothing.

When his friends learned that all that nice money had melted away, they avoided Bhanu as they would a leper.

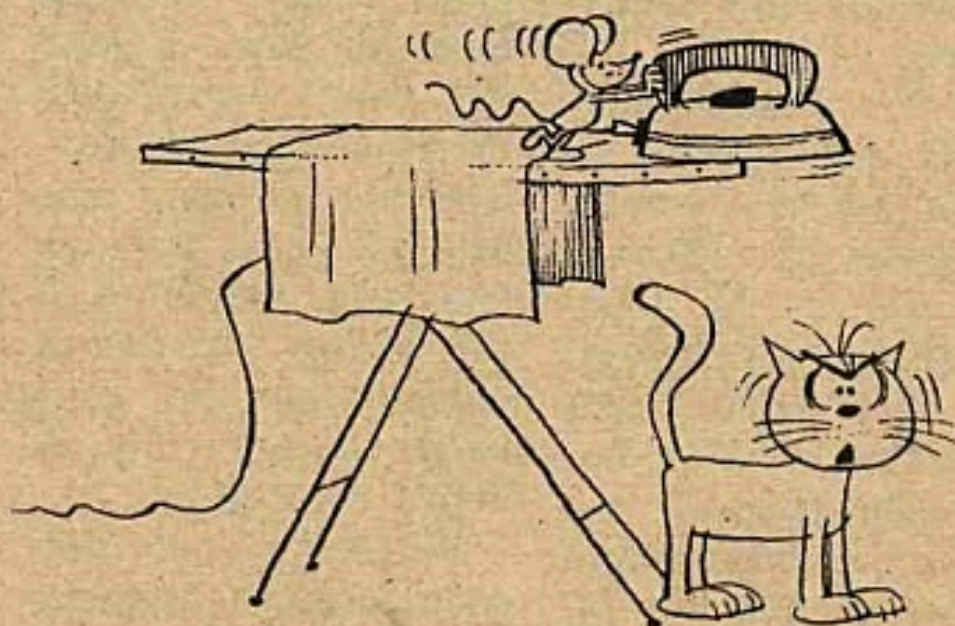
Bhanu now penniless, and unable to find a job, because he didn't have a solitary qualification, aimlessly walked through the streets, his mind full of bitter regrets. Then he remembered his father's words that it was better for a failure to hang himself than to go on living.

Hurrying home, Bhanu took

a length of rope into his father's bedroom. He threw the rope across the beam, and tied one end to the bed post, and making a noose in the other end, he put it around his neck, and jumped off the bed to his death.

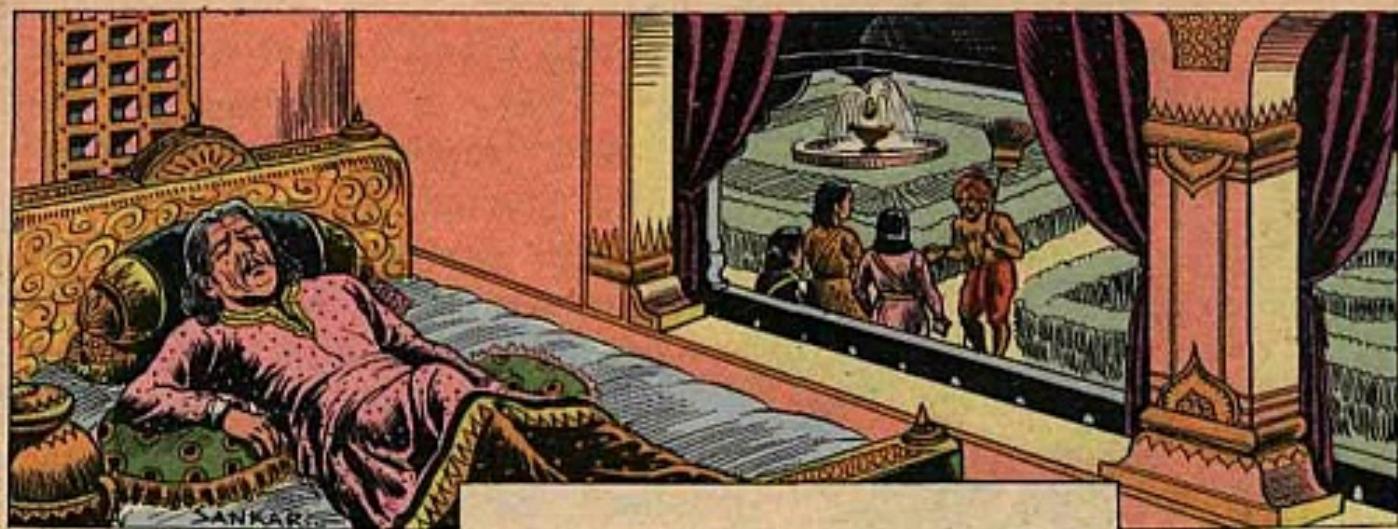
But he did not die. The beam broke in two, and Bhanu fell to the floor, showered with golden coins. As he sat there, looking at this sudden fortune, he sadly realised that his father had fixed this broken beam to give him another chance in life.

Never again did Bhanu waste money. With this second inheritance from his father he invested well, and with hard work made a success of his second life.



"Where's that mouse? I'll flatten him when I find him!"





## THE WATER OF LIFE

The king was ill, dreadfully ill. Physicians and sages came from all parts of the kingdom, but none could find a remedy for this terrible malady. The king ate practically nothing, but his thirst seemed unquenchable. Everyone was in despair, for it was quite obvious that unless a remedy be found, the monarch would soon die.

The king had no children of his own. He had been a widower for many years. But he had three nephews, whom he had brought up from childhood, and it was generally accepted that one of the three nephews, would eventually accede to the throne.

One morning, the three nephews were strolling in the palace gardens, each trying to think of some way by which the king could be cured, when an aged old gardener stopped them and begged them to listen.

"Young masters, the water of life is the only thing that will cure His Majesty," he said.

"Yes, but what is this water of life?," the nephews asked. "And where can it be found?"

"I don't really know," replied the old man with a worried look. "But when I was a child, I remember a great sadhu telling of a mysterious lake high in the mountains, and this lake was filled with the water of





The eldest nephew was imprisoned in the mountain

life, which cured any illness."

The nephews thought there might be some truth in the old gardener's story, so the eldest of the three, obtained the king's permission to try and find the mysterious lake of the water of life.

The nephew set out alone, and spent several days riding through the mountains, with never a glimpse of any water. Then one morning he came to a narrow pass, and as he was about to ride along this pass, he was assailed by a voice, and looking up he saw an old sadhu sitting on a ledge.

"And where are you going,

young man," asked the sadhu.

"That is no business of yours," replied the youth hotly, and spurred his horse on.

The further he rode, the narrower the pass became, winding round and round, with sheer walls of rock on either side. After some time, he realised he was hopelessly lost, imprisoned in the heart of a mountain.

When this nephew failed to return home, the second nephew decided he would go and find this mysterious lake. Like his elder brother, he eventually came to the narrow pass and met the sadhu, who enquired as to where he was going.

"What is it to do with you, old man?" retorted the nephew.

Then he too, became lost in the maze of the mountain, and came upon his brother, sitting miserably on a rock. And although they tried for days, escape was impossible.

Now the youngest nephew, fearing his two brothers were lost, set off to find this elusive water of life. When he came to the narrow pass, the sadhu asked him where he was going.

"Father," said the youth. "I am trying to find the water of life which I need urgently to



save the life of my king."

"Well you haven't far to go," said the sadhu with a smile. "Behind you, you can see a sharp peak. At the foot of this peak there is a stone door. Knock three times and the door will open, and inside is the lake of the water of life."

"But listen carefully," he went on. "When you have filled your water bottle, walk round the lake and you will find a statue of a young lady. Now be sure to sprinkle this statue with water from the lake."

As the sadhu had promised, there was no difficulty in finding the stone door, and when the youth had knocked three times, the door swung open, and there in front of him was the glistening water of the lake.

Quickly filling his water bottle, the youth looked round the lake, and there on the far side was a life-like statue of a young lady. Hurrying round the lake, the youth cupped his hands in the lake and sprinkled the water on the statue. To his amazement the statue came to life!

"Be not afraid," said the figure. "I was a princess, but a curse was laid on me, and I was turned to stone. You have brought me back to life, but I

cannot leave here yet. If you will return twelve months from today. I shall be free to go."

The youth was entranced by the beauty of this princess, and was only too happy to give his promise. When he left the lake, the youth rode back to where the sadhu was sitting.

"Father, I have found the water of life," exclaimed the youth, holding up his water bottle. "But have you seen any thing of my two brothers, who also came in quest of this water?"

"Yes, my son," replied the sadhu. "Your brothers are safe. If you go back to the foot of the mountains, I pro-

The sadhu tells the youngest nephew the answer







The Princess explains why she was imprisoned

mise that your brothers will join you before nightfall. But beware, they are not to be trusted."

Came nightfall and true to the sadhu's word, the two brothers who had been imprisoned in the mountain, joined their younger brother. The two elder brothers grumbled over their misfortunes, and they certainly didn't feel any happier when the younger brother blurted out his story of how he discovered the lake of the water of life; the beautiful princess and even told them that he had promised to

return to her at the end of a year.

Tired after his exciting day, the younger brother was soon fast asleep, whilst the elder brothers sat gloomily cursing their younger brother's luck. Then between them, they hatched a plot to steal the water of life, and so win the king's favour, and at the end of the year, one of them could also win this lovely princess.

So whilst the younger brother slept, they stole the precious water from his bottle, and then filled the bottle with muddy water from a nearby pool.

When they returned to the king's palace, the younger brother rushed to the king's bedside, and gave the king water from his bottle to drink. The muddy water made the king retch and retch. In his anger, the king ordered his young nephew to go and never return.

Later the two other brothers handed the king the real water of life to drink. And as he drank new life flowed in the king's veins, and within hours, to everyone's amazement, he was fully recovered.

The younger nephew, turned out of his princely home, wandered aimlessly through the



kingdom, angered with himself, as he recalled the sadhu's warning not to trust his brothers.

In the meantime, the old sadhu warned the princess that others might try to usurp the young man's right to claim her hand, and promised the princess that the door to the lake would only open to someone who knocked three times.

As soon as the year had passed, the two elder brothers rode gaily up the mountain, confident that the princess would marry one of them. Remembering their younger brother's story, they managed to find the stone door and the eldest brother quickly dismounted and banged heartily on the door. But the door did not open, so he banged and he kicked, making sure someone would hear, and still the door remained closed. In the end they gave up in disgust, and rode back the way

they came.

Later in the day, the younger brother rode up to the door, wondering how he would be greeted now that he was in disgrace. He knocked three times and the door swung open, to be greeted by the princess who rushed forward to meet him.

When he told the princess how he had been tricked by his brothers, and his banishment, she was all sympathy. Then on the old sadhu's advice, they decided to go and tell the king the whole story.

The king was enraged when he heard what had really happened, and sent for the two brothers, who when confronted by an angry king, confessed and were banished for their crimes.

Not long afterwards, the young nephew married the princess, and was named heir apparent to the throne.







# JUSTICE

For years the capital city of Modipure had been at the mercy of a gang of robbers. They committed the most daring thefts, armed guards were outwitted with ease, and the most massive locks and bolts were treated with scorn.

The wealthy citizens were most unhappy and pestered the king with petitions demanding that a special force be raised to catch the robbers, because time had proved that offering large rewards was futile.

The king's officers were certain that this band of robbers comprised of three or four resourceful men, who were shielded by the people in the city. In the end, the king decided that he himself would try and unearth these elusive robbers. So putting on the garb of a peasant, he took

lodgings in a poorer part of the city.

Every evening he could be found in the market place surrounded by an eager crowd, who drank the wine the king bought with such generosity, and would sit there spell-bound as the king told lurid stories of his exploits as a brigand in a far away kingdom.

One night, as the king wended his way down the dark, twisting alleys to his lodgings, he was suddenly waylaid by three men, and seeing that they were well armed, the king wisely offered no resistance.

"Not so fast, my friend," said the biggest of the three, who was obviously the leader. "You talk a lot, but who are you? And what do you want in this city?"

The king merely shrugged his



shoulders. "Maybe I am a famous robber, and hearing that there is a resourceful band in this city, perhaps I would join them, if they can use my talents."

"Sounds a good idea," said the leader, eyeing the king. "We are the finest robbers in the land. I can pick any lock. This man"—pointing to his companion on his right—"can actually smell where any wealth is hidden." "And this other man," he continued, "can smell the whereabouts of guards from a distance. Now, what can you do?"

"I have special powers," said the king boldly. "I have only to turn down my thumb and a man will die. Or If I raise my finger, I can give life to a man."

The leader scratched his head, "You must be a sorcerer as

well as a robber. You may join us for one robbery, then we can see how good you are."

"That's fine," replied the king. "So why not rob the king's treasury. That should make a rich haul."

At first the three robbers demurred at such a formidable undertaking, but when the king suggested that possibly they were scared, they quickly agreed, and the four planned to meet at midnight close by the palace walls.

Came midnight, and the four men stealthily climbed over the palace wall, and luckily it seemed as though no guards were around. Making their way to the treasury building, the king was surprised when the leader of the robbers, without much effort, picked the massive lock and swung open the door.

---

A bee stung our pup on the nose, and before long his muzzle was swollen, his eyes almost shut, his breathing labored. In a frenzy I phoned the vet. "Just bathe his muzzle in warm soda water," he said. "He'll be better soon."

"But, Doctor," I pleaded, "isn't there something more I can do? He's suffering. Would an aspirin help?"

"Yes," the doctor answered, "an aspirin might calm him. Give him one—and you take two."

---



Once inside, the three robbers with greedy hands, were soon filling bags with precious jewels and gold ornaments.

Of course, prior to meeting the robbers at midnight, the king had warned his guards, and given them orders on capturing the robbers.

Meanwhile the robbers were completely engrossed at the sight of so much treasure. Cramming valuables into bags and into their clothing, their thoughts were far away, when suddenly, the entire king's guard poured into the treasury and before the robbers could move, they were overpowered, pinioned, and led away to the dungeons.

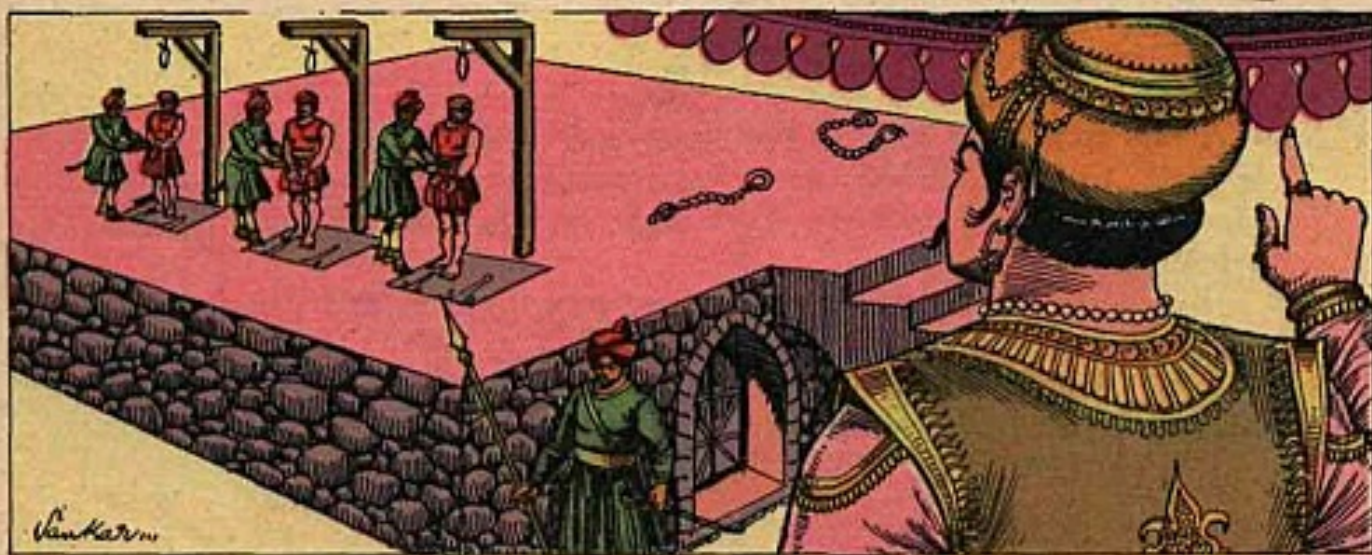
The following morning, the three prisoners were brought before the king, at the foot of the gallows. They stood there, open-mouthed in amaze-

ment that their companion of the night before was the king himself! And by the stern look on his face, they realised he would show little mercy.

"You have caused too much trouble in this city," said the king, stretching out his right arm and turning down his thumb. "Have you anything to say, before you are hanged?"

The leader of the robbers looked calmly at the king. "Your Majesty, you told us you had two talents. We have unfortunately seen you turn down your thumb. Now we would appreciate, if in your mercy, you raised your finger."

The king rewarded him with a smile. "If you will all swear never to rob any one in the future, I will not only pardon you, but will take you into my service to guard the city against robbers."





# THE MEN WHO HAD THEIR WISHES

Once there was a merchant who sold cloth but whose business was not very prosperous. At last, he was so poor that he decided to travel to another part of the world and see if he could make his fortune, so he packed up all that was left of his cloth and set out.

On his way, he met a carpenter. The two fell into conversation and the merchant found that the carpenter's plight was just as bad as his own.

"I do fine work," said the carpenter sadly. "There is not a better carpenter, but the people at home do not appreciate good work. Like you, I am off to make my fortune elsewhere."

"Let us travel together, then," said the merchant.

A little while later, they met a woodchopper, going the same way. The woodchopper told them he was tired of chopping wood all day.

"My back aches and it is getting more and more bent," he grumbled. "Besides, it's not





worth it. I make hardly enough money to keep myself. I am told that fortunes are easier to make in other parts of the world, so I am off to try my luck elsewhere."

The merchant and the carpenter invited him to go with them, too.

They walked and walked until at last they felt very tired and they decided to sit down for a rest by the side of the road. The wood chopper cut

**The old woman gives some good advice**



some wood and they made a small fire to warm themselves.

Before long, an old woman came along. She, too, sat down by the travellers and listened to them talking.

"What a pity," said one, "that people cannot have what they wish."

"Perhaps it is better that they cannot," put in the old woman. "After all, if we all had what we wished for, it might be a very bad thing for us and for other people, too."

"You say that only because you have seen nothing of the world," said the merchant. "Now if I had everything I wish for, I should soon be rich and happy."

"What would you wish for?" asked the old woman.

"I would wish that everything I pull should grow long," said the merchant. "Then I should always have plenty of cheap cloth to sell and my fortune would be made."

"As for me," said the carpenter, "I should wish that everything I put together might remain so tightly fixed that it would never come apart. Imagine the fine, hard-wearing furniture I would make. Every one would want it."



"If everthing I struck fell to pieces at once," put in the woodchopper, "think how much wood I could cut. I would have plenty of wood to sell without all that hard chopping."

"You see," said the merchant to the old woman. "They are all simple enough wishes. If only they could be granted we should all be rich and contented."

The old woman smiled in a knowing way. "I am sure you are wrong," she said. "You have not stopped to think about your wishes at all. If they were granted, you would be the most miserable of men."

"Nonsense," cried the three travellers at once.

"Very well, then," said the old woman, getting up. "You shall have your wishes and we shall see who is right." With that, she went off down the road.

"She sounded very sure of herself," said the merchant. "How strange it would be if we had our wishes."

"There is one way to find out," said the carpenter. "Let us each wish our wish. If they came true, then our fortunes would really be made."

The three men wished, then



The woodchopper struck the three-stump in two

they got up to continue their journey. The woodchopper, however, struck his hand against a tree-stump and at once it split in two. "Look at that," he called to the others. "Perhaps our wishes really have come true."

Eagerly, the carpenter took the two pieces of wood and put them together again. Instantly, they were fastened together so firmly that nothing could separate them. Then the merchant took a length of cloth from his pack and pulled it. It grew longer and longer, until it was ten times its former length.





The merchant's cloth grew longer and longer.

"Hurrah," he cried. "Our wishes have come true. Now we shall be rich for life."

Thinking of his good fortune, the merchant began to stroke his face with his hand. Without realising what he was doing, he gave his nose a little tug and it began to grow longer and longer until it was three or four times as long as it had been before.

At first, he could not believe that anything unusual had happened. Then he felt his nose

again. It was so long that he thought he must be dreaming, until the others caught sight of it and burst out laughing.

The woodchopper laughed until the tears ran down his face and, bent almost double, he slapped his knees with his hands, but to his horror, his legs split in two and he was unable to straighten up again.

The carpenter looked on in bewilderment. "Perhaps the old woman was right after all," he cried, clapping his hands together in despair. At once, they grew together so firmly that, tug as he might, he could not pull them apart.

"Here's pretty kettle of fish," said the merchant, fingering his long nose. "We should, after all, have listened to the old woman and thought more carefully about our wishes. If we had stayed at home and worked hard, as she said, instead of grumbling, we should not have been in this plight now."

They began to realise just how foolish they had been to become so discontented with their lot, when, after all, they had at least been strong and healthy.

As they sat there, musing on their foolishness, they saw the



old woman coming down the road towards them. "Well, how are you getting on?" she called to them.

The travellers told her that they saw how foolish they had had been and if they could return to how they were before, they would no longer be discontented.

"We would be quite happy to work hard for our money," said the merchant, "however little we earned."

"Well, well, if you feel like that your wish shall be granted",

said the old woman and she went off down the road.

The merchant felt his nose and it had returned to its former size. The woodchopper found that he could get to his feet once more and the carpenter clapped his hands for joy when he found they were free again.

All three men turned round and went home. From that time on, nothing was too much trouble for them and they went happily back to work and lived useful and contented lives.

**The three men realised how foolish they had been**





# THE NUBIAN SLAVE

We go back many, many years, to the days when King Mohammed al-Rashid ruled all Persia. He was by the grace of Allah, a King of Kings. The people flocked from miles around, merely to catch a glimpse of his face, and the kings and nobles of the Arabian countries gladly paid homage to the great ruler.

But wherever King Mohammed al-Rashid was to be seen, there immediately behind the monarch, would be his immense Nubian slave. Black as ebony, and a head taller than any other man, this Nubian slave would stand at the side of the king's throne, like a statue carved in black marble. Seldom known to speak and never known to smile.

One day, a visiting Wazir asked the king. "Your Nubian slave is like your shadow, ever at your side. Have you complete trust in his loyalty?"

"I will tell you a story,"

replied the king with a smile. "Several years ago, I was travelling through the country, when one of the camels stumbled and a jewellery box became dislodged and burst open on the ground. A number of pearls and other stones were scattered over the sand. So knowing the greediness of my fellow man, I told my retinue they could keep any of the gems they found in the sand."

"In a twinkling of the eye," the king went on, "everyone was groping in the sand, like a pack of jackals. All, with the exception of my Nubian slave, who stood immobile by my side. I asked him why he didn't try to find a pearl like the others."

"Master, he replied. The only pearl I have ever sought, is my master's trust in me. That and that alone, is all I shall ever want."

"O, King," said the Wazir, eyeing the Nubian slave. "Then you too, have found a treasure."





Alexander's route from Greece, through Persia and Egypt into India

# ALEXANDER INVADES INDIA

## OUR COVER STORY

King Philip of Macedon was watching a new horse being tried out near his palace. He hoped to buy it for his young son, Alexander, but it was so wild and hard to control that no-one could mount and ride it.

The king turned away in anger, but young Alexander, who was with him, begged to be allowed to try the horse. The boy, who had noticed that

the horse was afraid of its own shadow, turned it round so that it faced the sun. Then he mounted and galloped away. The horse, which he called Bucephalus, carried him faithfully into battle for many years when he became king.

Alexander was the only son of King Philip of Macedon, who conquered the city-states of Greece and brought them under his rule. Besides being hand-





**A stone bust of Alexander.**

some, strong and brave, Alexander was also clever. His father chose a very wise Greek man, named Aristotle, to be his tutor and Aristotle taught Alexander many things.

Alexander was only twenty when his father was murdered and the cities of Greece thought they could easily defeat such a young king and become free again, but he swiftly attacked and defeated them. Then he looked for more countries to conquer.

First he attacked the Persian empire and the Persians were defeated. He now had a big empire to rule, but he would not stop fighting, for he wanted to conquer the world.

He conquered Egypt and founded there a town which

he called Alexandria; after himself. He took the great city of Babylon and all its treasure and then he marched his army on into India.

In the year 326 B.C., Alexander at the head of his army entered India. He always hoped to find the edge of the world, and he thought perhaps, it lay across the River Ganga, but his ideas came to naught. His weary troops who had been fighting away from their homeland, for years, refused to go any further, so Alexander was forced to accept the Indus Valley as the boundary of his newly-won Empire, and he left India in 325 B.C.

Alexander's plans for the consolidation of his conquests were extensive, and he intended to divide the Indus Valley into provinces, and to build strong, walled cities inhabited by, Greeks.

Then in 323 B.C., at the age of thirty-two, Alexander died suddenly. Disputes arose among the Greek leaders, and forces were removed from India to fight in the west. And so, the Indus Valley became independent once more, until absorbed by the great power of the expanding Maurya Empire.





## THE TWO BROTHERS

Ravishankar was a rich merchant, owning a flourishing business empire, which dealt solely in the import and export of goods with Arabian countries. Ravishankar had started in business the hard way. With virtually no capital, he travelled through the Middle East, probing into the possibilities of selling spices and fabrics.

By hard work and living frugally, his export business began to show a profit. Today, he was one of the wealthiest merchants in India, yet he was worried. For he had two sons, Prem and Dilip, who were ready to come into the business, but Ravishankar wanted to be sure that his sons would be capable of standing on their feet.

One evening Ravishankar called his two sons into his study and announced, "I want to see if you two have the makings of good businessmen. So I am going to give each of you a little capital, and working independently of each other, go and invest the money in trading goods, and at the end of three months, return and show me what you have accomplished."

The two youths set out full of enthusiasm, and both decided to go to the busy seaport of Bombay, where they were sure there would be no difficulty in buying goods that would show a good profit.

As soon as they arrived in Bombay, Prem wasted no time and was soon scurrying from



warehouse to warehouse. In the end, he purchased bales of fine cambric, which he proposed to take to Arabia, where there was a ready market.

But Dilip didn't get very far. The weather was so hot and the streets, with all the hustle and bustle of endless traffic, were like ovens. So Dilip was quite happy to return to their lodgings and rest.

That evening, Prem couldn't stop talking about the bargain he had made and the profit his goods would fetch. Dilip, from the comfort of his bed, just snorted. "Why the hurry? I am going to wait until more ships arrive, then I will buy."

Prem the following day, went out to arrange shipping space, for himself and his goods, when he returned, he said to Dilip,

*An optimist is a man who does crossword puzzles in ink.*

*Why be disagreeable, when with a little effort you can be impossible?*

*There are a thousand thoughts lying within a man that he does not know till he takes up the pen to write.*

"There's no dhow going to Arabia until next week. So I am going to slip home and get several things I shall need for the voyage. But please keep an eye on my goods till I return."

"Of course I will," replied Dilip, making himself more comfortable on his bed.

Two days passed, and Dilip was quite content to sit in the shade on the quay, idly dreaming of the wonderful goods he would buy one day. He was suddenly startled by a figure standing over him, and when he looked up, he saw it was an elderly bearded sadhu.

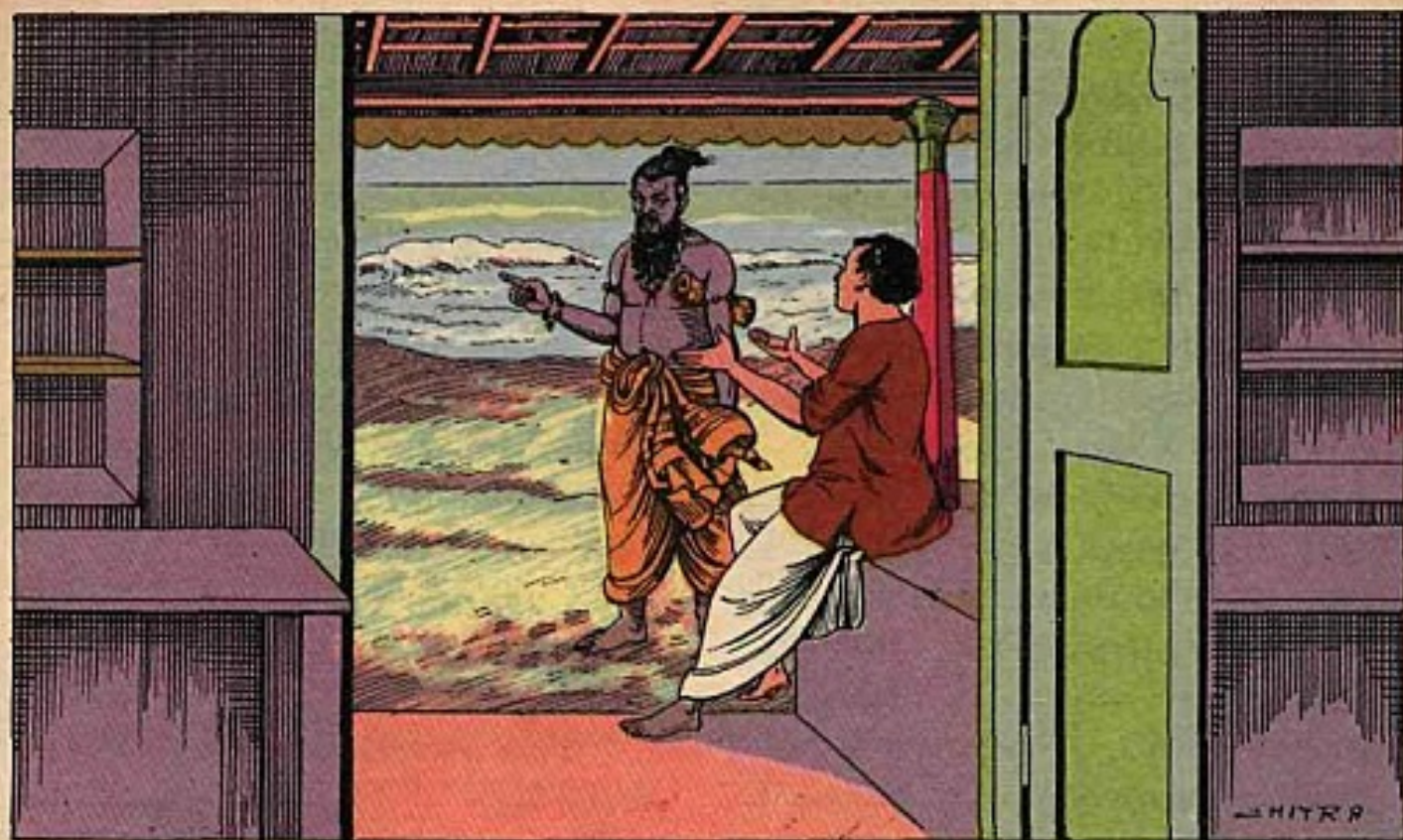
"My son," said the sadhu. "Why do you sit and worry about the goods you have to buy?"

"How do you know my business?," replied Dilip, looking very perplexed.

"I know everything," said the sadhu. "My son, your fortune is in the stars. Tomorrow buy any goods, then throw them in the sea. Within seven days the sea will cast a fortune at your feet." With these prophetic words, the sadhu ambled on his way.

Dilip didn't know what to think. Perhaps this sadhu was





The sadhu tells Dilip what to buy

mad. Then he recalled stories he had heard of the occult powers these sadhus possessed. Perhaps he should follow the sadhu's advice.

The next morning, Dilip bought a lot of goods without troubling to examine them, and had them delivered to the quay side. Waiting until it was dark, Dilip threw the lot into the sea, and thought in seven days I shall be rich.

When Prem returned, Dilip never uttered a word about the sadhu, and was glad when Prem embarked on the dhow for Arabia

The seven days passed all too slowly. On the seventh evening Dilip walked up and down the sea shore, but apart from odd bits of rubbish, there was nothing of value washed up by the sea. Night after night Dilip walked along that sea shore, his hopes of riches slowly dwindling. Then when he had given up all hope, he discovered a small casket floating in the shallow water.

Quickly retrieving the casket, Dilip managed to force open the lid, with the aid of a sharp stone. When he looked inside the casket, he uttered a shout



of joy, for there in front of his eyes, were costly jewels. Now, he was certainly rich and could return home and surprise his father.

Meanwhile, Prem on board the dhow, wondered when this creaky ship would ever reach Arabia. Then one night, a sudden squall struck the ship and the sails were ripped to shreds. Completely at the mercy of the storm, the ship was driven on to a reef close to the shore. Pounded by the huge waves, the ship began to break up, and Prem together with the others on board, jumped into the angry sea, praying that somehow they would reach the shore.

Back home, Dilip never ceased to tell everyone of his good fortune, but his father began to worry over Prem's absence. For now more than

four months had lapsed, and there had been no word from Prem.

Then late one night a bedraggled figure stumbled into the house. It was Prem. In sorrowful words he told how he had lost everything in the shipwreck, but worst of all, he had been guilty of cheating his own brother.

"Cheating me?," said Dilip, looking astonished. "How could you have cheated me?"

"The sadhu," said Prem dolefully. "There was no sadhu. It was me in disguise. I wanted to show that I was cleverer in business than you."

Ravishankar put his arms round his two sons' shoulders. "Listen, my sons," he said smilingly. "I think you have both learnt a good lesson in life, and you will both be better for the experience."





# GULLIVER'S TRAVELS



The King ordered a special stand, with steps fifty feet in length, so that I could read books in the royal library. I enjoyed this, but turning over the pages was hard work.



I once prevailed on the barber to give me the clippings after he had trimmed the King's beard. From a number of strong stumps of hair, I made a comb for my own hair.



From the combings of the Queen's hair, I wove backs and seats for two chairs, which I presented to Her Majesty.



As a youth I played the piano, so I devised a way to play the piano at court. I used to run madly up and down the keyboard striking the keys with stout sticks covered with the skin of a mouse. Their Majesties enjoyed my gallant efforts.

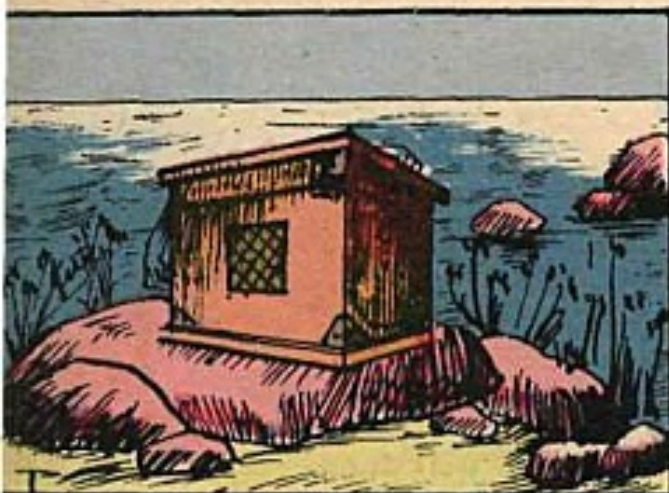




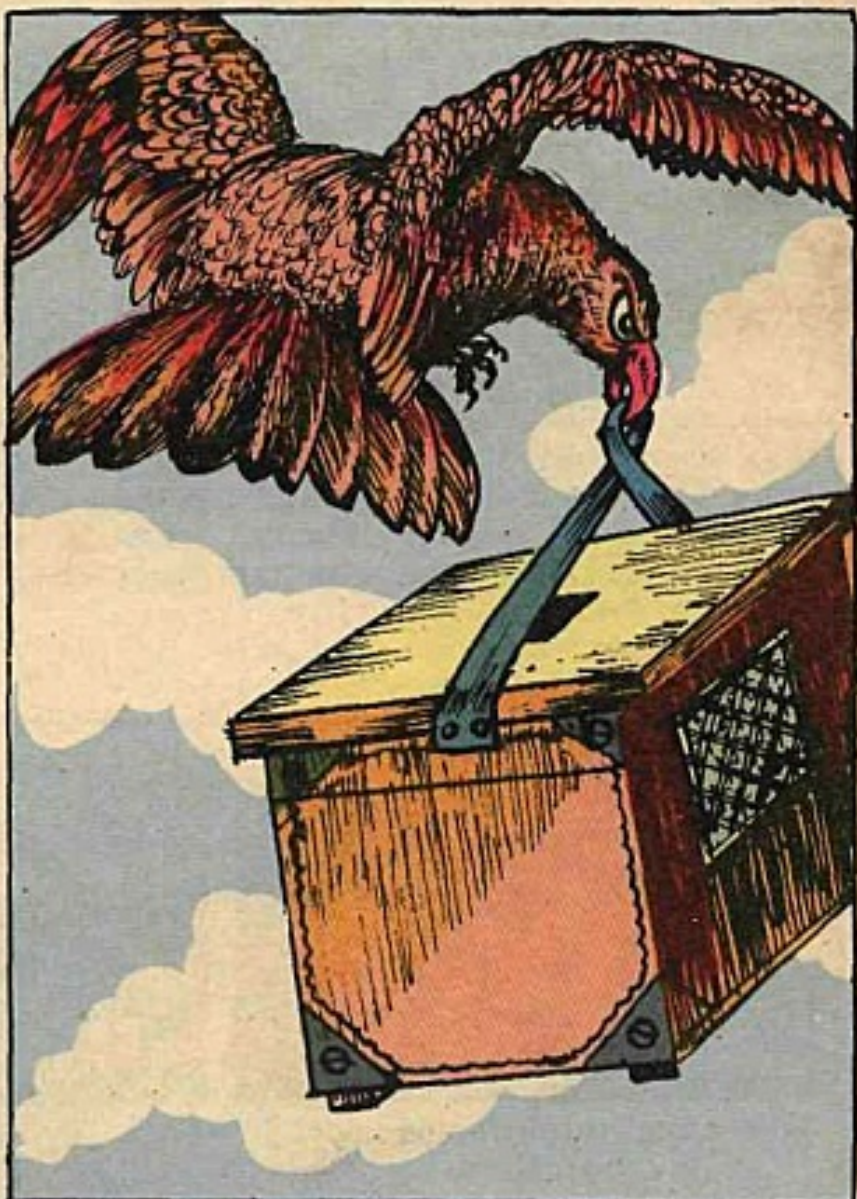
I had now been in Brobdingang for over two years. Then one day, my nurse and I, were ordered to accompany their Majesties on a grand tour of the country, which eventually brought us to the south coast.



When we reached the coast, I longed to go to the beach and enjoy the sea air. My nurse who was unwell at the time, ordered a page to take me in my box to the sea-shore.



I told the page to set my box on the rocks so that I could watch the waves. The page took himself off, to look for bird's eggs.



Suddenly there was a tremendous pull on the straps holding my box, and peering through the hole in the roof, I saw that an eagle was making off with me in the box.





Then, the eagle got tired of carrying my box, for he let go, and I could feel myself tumbling through the air. Then my box hit something with a great squelch.



I soon realised that I had fallen into the sea, but thank goodness my box proved to be quite seaworthy. To attract attention I tied my handkerchief to a stick and thrust it through the hole in the roof.



Peering through the sides of my box, I saw a ship in the distance and prayed that someone on board would sight my box in the water.



Time went by and just when I was giving up hope, I heard a trampling overhead and then came the welcome voice of an English seaman. I was soon rescued from my watery grave.





After a good rest, I narrated my adventures, to the ship's captain and his officers. At first they refused to believe my story, until I showed them the ring the Queen gave me and several other objects I had stored in my box.



The captain was truly amazed at my story and begged me to write it all down for the public to enjoy.



But he couldn't understand why I shouted when I spoke, until I explained that I had got used to shouting to the gigantic people otherwise they would never have heard me.

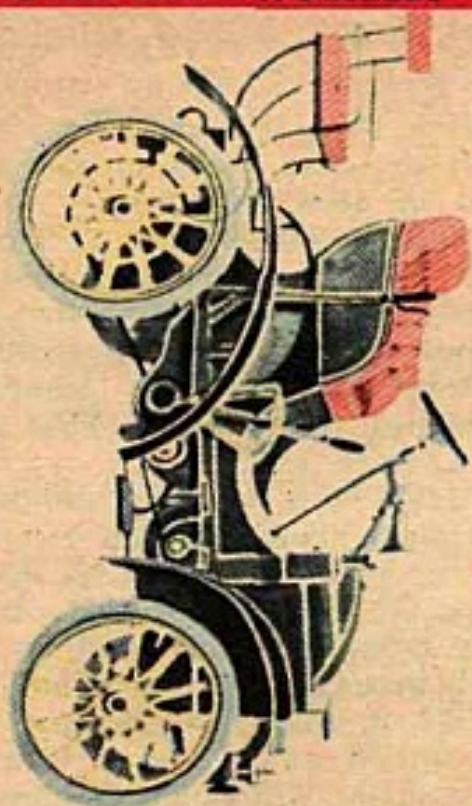


At long last, I arrived back in my native land, and how wonderful it was to be with my wife and children again. I promised my wife I would not make any more voyages, so this is the end of my travels which I hope you have enjoyed.



**HISTORY**

**MOTOR CAR — WOLSELEY**



**HISTORY**

**MOTOR CAR — WOLSELEY**



**BIOGRAPHY**

**ASCARI**



**BIOGRAPHY**

**FANGIO**





## HISTORY

### MOTOR CAR — WOLSELEY

**T**HE Wolseley 16/60 (see overleaf) is a large, luxurious car, ideal for the medium-sized family, since it can seat up to five people in comfort.

It is fitted with disc wheels and tubeless tyres and the brakes operate hydraulically.

Both the front and the rear windows are wide and give very good visibility. This is increased at the front by the sloping line of the bonnet.

The dimensions of the 16/60 are 5 ft. 3½ in. by 14 ft. 6¼ in. and the boot has an interior width of 4 ft. 9¼ in. When the lid of the boot is opened, a lamp lights immediately.

The gear lever is on the floor but, as an optional extra, automatic transmission is available. This, of course, considerably reduces the strain of long-distance driving since less physical effort is needed.

## BIOGRAPHY

### FANGIO

**I**N his day, Juan Manuel Fangio was undoubtedly one of the greatest drivers, if not the greatest, driver in the world.

He was born in Balacer near Buenos Aires, Argentina, and started out as a motor mechanic. Because of the second World War, he did not take up European Grand Prix racing until he was 40.

In 1949, he won five important races, driving a number of different cars—Maserati, Ferrari and Simca.

He was a Ferrari team driver until 1952 and then led the Mercedes-Benz team.

He won the World Championship five times—in 1951, 1954, 1955, 1956 and 1957. In 1958, he gave up motor racing when he was 48 years old.

The picture overleaf shows Fangio driving a Mercedes-Benz.

## HISTORY

### MOTOR CAR — WOLSELEY

**I**N 1889, Mr. F.Y. Wolseley established the Wolseley Company to manufacture sheep shearing machines, although the first Wolseley car was designed by Herbert Austin.

By 1901, the manufacture of motor cars was such an important part of the business of the company that the production of sheep shearing machines was abandoned and the company was renamed the Wolseley Tool and Motor Car Co. Ltd.

From 1901 until 1926, the company made a great many cars and it is one of the first year—1901—that is shown in the picture overleaf. In 1926, however, the company was wound up and the assets were bought by Lord Nuffield.

In 1927, a small but attractive car was produced called the "Hornet." This was made, with slight differences, over a number of years.

## BIOGRAPHY

### ASCARI

**A**LBERTO ASCARI was the son of Antonio Ascari, the racing driver who was killed at Montlhéry during the French Grand Prix in 1925.

Perhaps because of this, Alberto Ascari did not first of all become a car racing driver. Instead, he took up motor-cycle racing.

However, the love of cars inherited from his father eventually conquered his prejudice and in 1947 he drove a Maserati to victory at Modena.

His first serious accident was when he went into the harbour at Monte Carlo. He managed to get out of the car and reach the surface but the experience must have been a considerable shock for him. Unfortunately, he was still convalescing when he tried out a Maserati. He crashed at a corner and died near to the anniversary of the time when his father had been killed.





# MAHABHARATA

*The story so far:*

*Yudhishthira, the eldest of the Pandava princes, built the capital city of Indraprastha, where he performed the Imperial sacrifice, and assumed the title of Emperor.*

*This heightened the jealousy and hatred of the Kaurava princes, and Duryodhana, conspiring with his uncle Sakuni and abetted by the blind king Dhritarashtra, challenged Yudhishthira to games of dice. In the end, Yudhishthira lost everything and in accordance with the stakes, the Pandava princes must pass twelve years in exile, then they must remain a year in concealment.*

*True to their word the Pandava princes went with Draupadi into*

*exile in the Kamyaka forest. Soon afterwards Dhritarashtra, angered by the outspoken Vidura, tells him to join the Pandava princes, but later repents his hastiness, and begs Vidura to return.*

The blind king, Dhritarashtra, uneasy in mind, and anxious to grasp at anything to ease his conscience, sent for Vidura on his return, and asked him to describe how the Pandavas were living in exile.

"The princes are living in a hermitage in the forest," Vidura replied. "All the sages visit them and the Sun god has given Yudhishthira the Akshayapatra, a wonderful vessel which holds a never failing





supply of food for their daily needs."

"I am glad the princes do not suffer in exile," the king said, in a tone that was far from convincing. "But tell me, the sage Maitreya said that Bhima killed the Demon Kimmera single handed. Surely that cannot be true?"

"It certainly is true," Vidura said with a smile. "According to Yudhishtira, this is exactly what happened"

One evening towards dusk, the princes were walking through the forest, when they were startled by a loud crashing through the undergrowth. Fearing attack from some wild

animal, the princes quickly surrounded Draupadi, but to their horror instead of some beast of prey, they were confronted by the bestial Demon Kimmera, a ferocious cannibal, carrying a huge lighted torch.

Draupadi was petrified at the sight of this awesome figure and even the princes looked grim. The demon was nearly twice the size of an ordinary man. He was dark skinned, with a mane of greasy yellow hair, and protruding from his great slit of a mouth, were long fangs, like those of a tiger.

Lumbering towards the princes, the demon growled, "You soft human beings will make a fine meal, but who are you, that dare venture in my domain?"

Yudhishtira stood resolute. "We are the Pandava princes, and although we are unarmed, we do not fear the likes of you."

"The Pandava princes," the demon roared, then suddenly he stopped and peering in Yudhishtira's face snarled. "If you are the Pandava princes, where is this famous Bhima who is supposed to have killed my brother Bakasura?"

Bhima always eager for a fight, pushed his brothers aside,



and uprooting a young tree, made straight for the demon.

The demon threw his torch at Bhima, but Bhima jumped to one side, then rushed in and dealt the demon a hefty blow on the side of the head, which sent him sprawling on the ground.

As the demon tried to get to his feet, Bhima jumped on his back, and his strong fingers were soon entwined round the demon's throat.

The demon tried to roll over and crush Bhima with his great weight, but Bhima held on grimly, and gradually the demon's efforts weakened as he gasped for breath. Then Bhima suddenly shifted his grip to the demon's hair, and placing his knee in the middle of the demon's back, pulled the wretch's head back until the bones in the neck snapped.

As Dhritarashtra listened to this story of how Bhima slew the notorious Kimmera, his mind was troubled with thoughts that one day, the fury of the Pandavas would engulf his own sons.

Meanwhile when Sri Krishna learnt of the events at Hastinapura; the cunning of Duryodhana and Sakuni, and the

exile of the Pandavas, he at once set out for the forest where the Pandavas were living. Krishna was accompanied by many nobles including Dhrishtidyumna, Draupadi's brother.

Krishna listened in stoney silence as the Pandavas recounted all that had occurred at Hastinapura, and when a tearful Draupadi, between sobs, told how Duryodhana and his brothers had treated her so outrageously, Krishna was deeply moved and in a righteous voice made a solemn vow. "I swear that your grievous wrongs

**The Pandava Princes encounter the Demon Kimmera**





shall be avenged. Those who tormented you, will be stricken by death on the field of battle."

Turning to Yudhishtira, Krishna said. "When this calamity befell you, I was not in Dwaraka. Had I been there, I would have prevented this fraudulent game of dice taking place."

"We wondered as to your absence," Yudhishtira said enquiringly.

"It is not a pleasant story," Krishna said, still looking grim. "Whilst I was at your Imperial sacrifice, Salwa, the brother of Sisupala, learnt of his brother's death at my hands, so he

promptly laid seige to Dwaraka, and the city had to face terrible privations."

"When I saw what had befallen Dwaraka" Krishna continued, "I immediately attacked Salwa's kingdom, but Salwa with recourse to magic powers, proved to be elusive. Then a messenger brought me the news that Salwa, making himself invisible, had returned to Dwaraka and slain my father. At the same time of hearing this, my father's lifeless corpse fell out of the sky at my feet. At first I was stunned by shock, then I realised it was all make-believe. So I hurled my dis-

**Sri Krishna tries to console Draupadi**







**Sri Krishna thinks he sees the dead body of his father fall from the sky.**

brothers, but he rightly pointed out that the Kauravas were powerful, with such able leaders as Bhishma and Drona, and skilful fighters like Karna and Aswatthama, the son of Drona.

Later, the sage Vyasa, advised Arjuna to go into the Himalayas and practise austerities for the purpose of pleasing God Indra, who then may give Arjuna the weapons of the devas. So Arjuna took leave of his brothers and Draupadi, and armed with his famous Gandiva bow, set out through the dense forests and reached the mountain of Indrakila.

It was here that Arjuna

cus, which hunts its quarry wherever it be, and so Salwa died."

Soon afterwards Krishna took his leave and returned to Dwaraka, and Dhrishtadyumna went back to Panchala.

In their exile, Bhima and Arjuna would often try to convince Yudhishtira that they should attack the Kauravas and win back their kingdom now, instead of being content to dwell tamely in the forest for thirteen years.

Yudhishtira found it difficult to restrain his impetuous







suddenly came upon an old sage standing under a tree. The ascetic smiled and spoke affectionately to Arjuna. "My son, why are you clad in armour and carrying weapons? What do you seek in this abode of saints who have conquered anger and passions?"

Before Arjuna could reply, the figure of the old sage changed into the radiance of Indra, the King of Gods.

Arjuna fell to his knees and said : " O father, bless me with

the weapons of the devas."

" Why not ask to enjoy the pleasures of paradise?" Indra asked.

Arjuna ruefully shook his head. " O king of gods, I do not seek pleasures. I seek only new weapons in order to defend my brothers."

" Do penance unto the God Siva, and if you obtain his grace, you will receive the weapons you desire." Saying this, the God Indra disappeared.



## STORY FROM GREECE

# PERSEUS AND THE MONSTER

Perseus was young and strong and very brave. He had promised King Polydectes that he would bring him the head of Medusa, the most terrible of the three terrible sisters called the Gorgons. They had wings of leather and claws of brass and although Medusa was very beautiful she had writhing serpents instead of hair and she was so evil that anyone who looked at her was immediately turned to stone.

The gods, who were watching over Perseus, gave him advice. They told him how to set about finding the Gorgons and the goddess Athene lent him her bright shield, in which he could look at Medusa without being turned to stone, while the god Hermes lent him his sharp sword and his winged sandals. With these and the Cap of Darkness to make him invisible, Perseus set out to find the Gorgons.

When he had found them, he cut off Medusa's head with one



**"As a punishment I was sent here to hold the Earth and sky apart with my hands," said Atlas.**



blow of the sword. So that he would not see the head, he wrapped it carefully in a goat-skin. Then he set out on his journey home.

It was a long and tiring journey, but the winged sandals carried him swiftly through the air. On the way, Perseus came to the great, black rock on which the giant, Atlas, knelt, holding up the heavens on his powerful shoulders. Perseus dropped down on to the rock beside him and Atlas begged for a sight of Medusa's head.

"Mine is a weary life," said Atlas. "Once I rebelled against Zeus, the king of the gods and as a punishment I was sent here, to hold Earth and sky apart with my hands. Show me the head of Medusa and I shall be turned into stone. Then I shall never again feel the weight of the sky pressing on my shoulders."

Perseus took pity on the weary giant. He drew Medusa's head out of its goatskin cover and held it up. As Atlas gazed at it, he was turned to stone and he became the great mountain, named Atlas, on which the skies rest.

Then Perseus went on his way once more, until he came to a land which seemed to have

suffered from a terrible flood and as he flew slowly above it, Perseus saw, far below him, a beautiful maiden chained to a rock at the edge of the sea. Perseus flew down and landed beside her and he saw that she was weeping. He saw, too that she was very beautiful and he asked her name.

"I am Andromeda, the daughter of King Cepheus, who rules this land," she replied. Then she told Perseus that her mother had boasted about her beauty. "Not even the sea nymphs are as beautiful as my daughter," boasted the proud mother. The sea nymphs, who had heard this, were very angry and a great sea monster was sent to ravage the country as a punishment. *Andromeda had been chained to the rock as an offering to the monster, so that he would leave the country in peace.*

Perseus told Andromeda to shield her eyes, then, together, they waited on the rock and before long a great monster swam towards them and placed his forefeet on the rock. Perseus unwrapped the goatskin and held the head in front of the monster's eyes. At once he became no more than a long piece of jagged rock upon the shore



and Perseus wrapped the head up in the goatskin once more. With his sword, he cut through Andromeda's chains and carried her back to the city.

The king and queen were so pleased to see their daughter alive and well, that they gladly gave Perseus permission to marry her, at once.

After the wedding, Perseus and his bride set out together for his home, on one of the islands of Greece.

At last, the shores of Greece came in sight and Perseus went in search of his mother, Danae. To his fury, he learned that King Polydectes had taken Danae back to his palace with him. For

a long time, King Polydectes had wished to marry Danae, but she had always refused and while Perseus was there the King could do nothing.

As soon as he had got rid of Perseus, by sending him to find Gorgons, King Polydectes, certain that Perseus would never return, had seized Danae and taken her to his palace. There he made her join his slave women, grinding corn and working from dawn to dusk.

Perseus asked where King Polydectes was to be found and was told that he was holding a great feast in the palace for all his princes, for it was his birthday. Perseus dressed in the







oldest clothes he could find and went to the palace. He was taken inside, for all were welcome, rich or poor, on the king's birthday. Food was set in front of him and the king asked, "What news do you bring, beggar man?"

"I have been travelling for seven long, weary years," replied Perseus. "I was sent on an errand by the king and I have returned once more."

A great shout of laughter went up at that. "It is Perseus," they all cried. "See how he has changed. He no longer boasts. His travels have tamed him."

King Polydectes called for his

mother to be brought from the slave's quarters to see her son and when she arrived, Perseus whispered to her to hide her eyes. Then he stood up. "I do not come empty-handed. I have a present here for the king," he called in a ringing voice. As he spoke, he unwrapped the Gorgon's head and held it high for all the guests to see. In that instant, the king and all the princes became blocks of grey stone, so heavy that the chairs they were sitting on broke under their weight and they toppled to the floor.

Perseus took his mother back home once more, to meet his



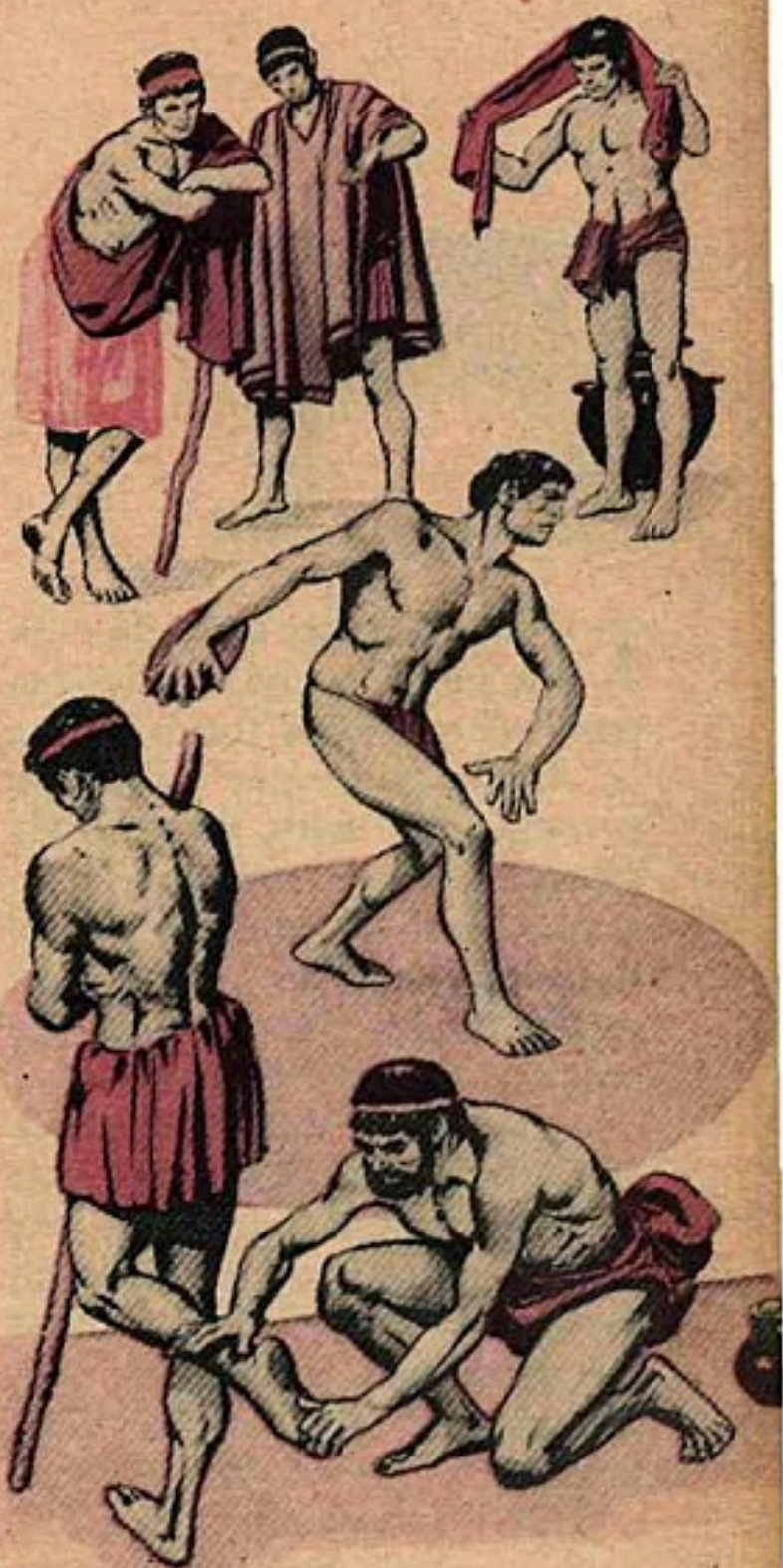
bride. He made the old fisherman, who had given them a home for so many years, king in place of Polydectes. Then he gave the shield and the Gorgon's head to the goddess Athene and he returned the sword and the winged sandals to Hermes, the messenger of the gods.

Finally, with Danae and Andromeda, he set out for the kingdom of Argos, where he had been born, to find his grandfather.

When they reached his grandfather's palace, the young men were holding games and trials of strength in the presence of the king. Telling nobody who he was, Perseus joined in, for he hoped to show his grandfather how brave and strong he was. He won prizes for running and leaping. Then he tried throwing the bronze discus. He threw it so far that it swerved and fell among the crowd.

Perseus ran to the spot, but the prophecy that the old king would one day be killed by his grandson had been fulfilled. King Acrisius lay dead, struck by the bronze discus.

Perseus was made King of Argos in his place and he lived there, with Andromeda his wife and Danae his mother, in peace.



**Perseus joined in the games and tried throwing the bronze discus.**



# The Lion's Share



**I**t was a hot, dry summer. In the jungle everything looked parched and even the branches of the trees seemed to droop in sympathy with their wilted foliage. Water was certainly scarce, and in all the jungle, there appeared to be only one small muddy pond, for the animals to slake their thirst.

Lying in the shade of a bush at the edge of this pond, was our old friend Brer Fox. He had quenched his thirst with the muddy water, but his mind for days, had been filled with thoughts of all the succulent things he would like to eat, and he was sure that his bones rattled inside his skin, as he dragged his weary body through the jungle, looking for food.

Then who should come loping to the pond but the wily old

Wolf, looking just as lean and hungry as Brer Fox. In between taking gulps of water, the Wolf eyed the Fox and in a grumpy voice said, "I suppose you are resting after having a heavy meal?"

"A heavy meal!" replied the Fox, feeling insulted, "All I have had for the past two days is one skinny chicken."

"Then you were lucky," growled the Wolf. "It must be nearly a week since I managed to catch a goat, which turned out to be all skin and bones."

"Bah," said a voice and turning round, the Wolf and the Fox were surprised to see their friend, the lordly Leopard coming towards them.

"All you two ever do, is think of food," snarled the Leopard.

"That's all very well," muttered the Wolf. "But you feed on the delicious flesh of boars and deers."

"Very ordinary food," replied the Leopard, shaking its head. "Now, for a great



delicacy, give me the brains of a rogue elephant every time."

Brer Fox with his mouth watering at the mere talk of such wonderful food, didn't stop using his cunning brain. Cocking one eye-brow at the Leopard, he said in a meek voice, "Why don't we call on the King of the Forest? And if we all hunt together, we should kill an elephant and have a gigantic feast."

Both the Leopard and the Wolf thought this was a fine idea, so the three of them made their way to the mountain cave, in which the majestic Lion lived.

Squatting humbly in front of the Lion, the Fox explained how the four of them with their combined strength and cunning, should go on an elephant hunt.

The Lion pondered for a while, then agreed to accompany them, provided they did the stalking, whilst he with his superior strength would kill the prey.

They searched all through the forest, but not the sign of an elephant was to be seen. Then towards evening, a deer broke cover, which the Leopard quickly killed. The Wolf and Fox with salivating jaws, quickly

divided the carcase into four equal parts, and were ready to start eating their share, when the Lion intervened.

"Not so fast my friends," he roared, "I am entitled to the lion's share, which is two parts of the kill. Then the third part goes to my lioness. Now as to the fourth part, that will go to the one of you three, who beats me in a fight."

One look at the Lion's massive jaws was enough for our three friends, and without a word, they turned and slunk off into the forest. Their thoughts as to what they would have dearly loved to have told the Lion, had better be left unsaid.





# PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST

Here's the opportunity for you to win a prize  
Winning captions will be featured in the January issue



- ★ These two photographs are somewhat related. Can you think of suitable captions? Could be single words, or a dozen words but the two captions should be related to each other.

- ★ Prize of Rs. 20 will be awarded to the best double caption.

- ★ Entries must be received before

30th November, otherwise they cannot be considered.

- ★ Your entry should be written on a postcard, giving your full name and address, together with your age, and sent to:

Photo Caption Competition,  
Chandamama Magazine,  
Madras-26.

## Result of Photo Caption Contest in September Issue

The prize is awarded to  
Mrs. J. Noronha,

'Bon View', 620, 21st Main, 36th Cross,  
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Winning Entry — 'Impressive Gesture' — 'Expressive Posture'





## THE FIVE MIGHTY MEN

Once upon a time there was a young man named Martin, who was very poor, but he knew that riches would never come to him if he stayed in one place, so he set out to seek his fortune in another part of the world.

One day, when he was going through a forest, he came upon a big, strong man, who was chopping down huge trees with just one blow of an axe.

"My friend, with strength such as yours you should come with me and we will seek fortune together," Martin said and the big man agreed.

The two of them went out of the forest, where they came upon a hunter, taking aim with his gun. After taking very careful aim for about a minute, the hunter fired—and his shot killed a wasp, which was annoying a horse grazing in a field six miles away.

"A most wonderful shot, my friend," said Martin. "Why don't you join us? We are on a journey to others parts of the world in search of riches."

"I will come gladly," replied the hunter.

A little farther on, the three of them passed close to some windmills, which are spinning round and round at great speed,



although there was not a breath of air to turn the sails.

Thinking this was very strange, they walked on and on and came upon a man sitting on a lump of rock, facing the windmills and blowing gently with his mouth. It was he who was making the sails of the windmills spin at such a speed.

At once Martin invited him to join them; and all four continued the journey together.

They were greatly surprised when, later on, they met a tall, thin man who had both his legs tied together with rope. He could hardly walk, but he explained that if he did not keep his legs tied up they would move so quickly that he would be carried miles away in no time.

He too, was invited to join the party of travellers.

Still farther on, they met a fat little man and the strange thing about him was that he wore his hat on one side of his head, pulled down over his right ear.

"Why do you wear your hat like that?" Martin asked him.

"I have to," replied the fat man. "If I put my hat on

straight and uncover my right ear, I would send out such a cold stream of air that all the birds for miles around would fall down, frozen to death."

"Then keep your hat where it is and join us," said Martin.

All six of them went on their way together, making for the nearest big city. There they found that the king had promised his daughter in marriage to the man who could beat her in a race.

Going to the Court, Martin bowed to the king. "Your Majesty, I have among my friends a man who will race against your daughter," he said.

"Very well," agreed the King, "but I warn you that more than a hundred of the fastest runners have tried to beat her but none has succeeded."

It was arranged that the race should take place at once and at a given signal, the princess and the runner started off—but this time, Martin's companion had untied the rope from his legs and in one fast stride, covered more than half the distance of the race.

He was so far ahead that he laid down to have a rest and fell asleep. In fact, he went



off into such a deep sleep that the princess, running her hardest, went past him and looked like reaching the winning-post an easy first.

"Wake up!" Martin shouted, but this had no effect on the sleeping man at all, so the hunter took very careful aim with his gun, firing a shot which hit the tuft of grass beneath the sleeper's head.

It woke him up. Leaping to his feet, he gave one mighty leap to the winning-post, ahead of the princess.

The King's daughter had been beaten, but the King was not very happy at the thought of allowing her to marry a young man without any money.

"They must be marvellous men" he thought "I must get rid of them by some means or other, before they take over my whole Kingdom."

In place of his daughter, he offered them a sack of gold. Martin and his five mighty men agreed to this and the strongest of them came to the Palace with a sack as big as a house.

"You promised us a sack of gold, Your Majesty," smiled Martin. "Now let us fill it and we will be on our way."

"You may fill and take it,



but only if you can carry it," said the king. "It would take a hundred men to lift that weight of gold. By being greedy and choosing such a large sack, you will get no gold at all."

It took all the gold in the Kingdom to fill the great sack, but the King felt very confident until Martin's forester friend picked up the full sack, put it on his back, and strode away with it, helped a little by the fat man and the hunter.

In a great rage, the King sent a troop of best cavalrymen after them, but Martin



was not worried when he saw them galloping closer and closer. He knew that he had the right one among his five mighty men to deal with a whole army, if needed.

"This is a job for you, my good friend," he said to the man who had set the windmills spinning round.

"I am at your service, Martin," was the reply and when the King's soldiers were about half a mile away he blew on them.

It was as though a giant whirlwind struck them. Horses and riders were picked up and

thrown here and there in all directions.

That was the end of the chase and Martin and his friends continued their journey, with more gold than they could spend in their whole lifetime. Between them they made up a band of men who could do anything they liked and Martin was overjoyed with the result of his setting out to make his fortune—thanks to the five mighty men who had joined him and where now his faithful and happy companions forever.





# THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF BARON MUNCHAUSEN

Last month, if you remember, I told you about my strange adventure when I took a trip to the Moon.

This month, I will tell you of an even stranger adventure, when I was invited to go on a voyage in a Dutch sailing-ship.

When I asked what port they were bound for, they answered that they were on a voyage of discovery in search of strange lands and invited me to join them if I wished.

"Nothing would give me greater pleasure, captain," I replied. "My one hope is that you will have the luck to find new places which have not yet been discovered."

Speaking of luck, however, our own seemed to run out after we had been sailing for almost a week. We were overtaken by a terrible storm, which tore all our sails to ribbons, broke our bowsprit and carried away the main yard-arm, which fell through the roof of the cabin where the compass was kept, and smashed it to pieces.

Anyone who has been at sea will know what are the results of such an accident. We neither knew where we were, nor in what direction to steer. We turned and twisted and had no idea whether we were going north-east or south-west.

At last the weather cleared, and with a fair wind we sailed on for three months. We must have covered a great distance, when all of a sudden we noticed a great change.

The sea itself had changed colour. It was no longer blue, but white. We felt quite gay and cheerful, for the air was filled with the softest and most fragrant smells.

Before long we came in sight of land and shaped our course towards a harbour. On reaching it we found it large and deep—but instead of water it was full of fresh milk!

We went ashore and found that the whole island consisted of cheese.

Perhaps we might never have seen this, but for a curious





happening which set us looking for it.

One of the sailors had a natural dislike of cheese—he just could not bear the sight, taste or smell of it. The moment he set foot on shore, he took one sniff and fell down in a faint.

When he recovered, he begged us to remove the cheese from under his feet. An examination was made and it was discovered that he was quite right—the island was, as I told you, nothing more or less than a huge cheese.

Most of the inhabitants lived on cheese, and the portions

that were eaten by them during the day grew again during the night, so that there was always a plentiful supply. We saw there many plants loaded with large grapes which, when they were squeezed, produced the most delicious sweet milk.

The natives were very handsome and tall, most of them about nine feet high. They had three legs and one arm and a kind of horn on their heads. We were very amused to see them running races on the surface of the milk, walking about upon it without sinking in, as naturally as we ourselves do on a path.



There grew upon this island a kind of giant corn. Each ear of corn was as big as a sack and when opened was found to contain loaves of bread, baked and ready to eat.

We sailed around the cheese island to the opposite side. Here we found that the cheese was much stronger and had blue streaks in it, so that it looked and tasted like the best gorgonzola.

It must have been a strong and rich cheese, because we saw enormous fruit-trees grow-

ing in it—peaches, cherries, apples, apricots and other sorts that we had never seen before.

In these trees were birds' nests. These, too, were of enormous size. One nest was five times bigger than the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral in London. It was made of thick tree branches and it contained 500 eggs, the smallest of which was the size of a big barrel.





It took seven men to lift this smallest egg to the ground. We knew there was a young bird of some kind inside. It was ready to hatch out, for we



could hear it twittering.

When, after great efforts, we broke open the thick shell, we saw a baby bird come out of it with hardly any feathers on, but as big as a hundred of our sparrows.

It squawked angrily, although we did not intend to do it any harm. Its cries, however, attracted one of the parent birds, which swooped down upon us, seized our captain in its talons, and flew up with him a good three miles into the air.

It then gave the poor fellow thump with one of its great wings and let him fall into the sea.

Luckily, the Dutch captain could swim like a water-rat, so it was not long before he rejoined us, wet but unharmed.

He quickly declared, however, that he had had enough of such a strange island and ordered us back to the ship.

When we got aboard we heaved up our anchor and said goodbye to the strange country. As we left, all the trees along the shore bowed twice to us. After that they went back to their former positions—and that was the last I ever saw of the island made of cheese.





## A GIFT FOR A PRINCESS

The King of Prabhatpur was worried. He had fondly hoped that by now, his only daughter, Princess Priya, would be married. There certainly was no shortage of suitors, for the princess was extremely beautiful and whoever married the princess would one day become the ruler of the kingdom, with all its power and riches.

There were three princess, who were forever visiting the palace hoping to win the hand of the princess. Each of the princes were perfectly eligible; they were handsome and each was descended from great rulers of Indian kingdoms. But it was of no use, the princess just couldn't make up her mind as to which of the three princes

she would like to marry.

Then the king had an idea to solve this vexing problem. So sending for the princess, he said to her, "Months roll by and still you cannot decide which of the three princes you will wed. So I suggest that I set the princes a task to perform, and the one who does best, shall have your hand in marriage."

"That sounds wonderful," agreed the princess, happily.

So the following day, the three princes were invited to dine at the palace, and after they had feasted, the king leaned back in his chair, eyeing the three princes approvingly. "Each of you wish to marry my daughter," he said, smilingly. "Now what I propose is, the



one who brings within thirty days, the most acceptable gift for the princess, shall have her hand."

"An excellent idea," exclaimed the three princes, almost in one breath. And each was eager to get away from the palace, to search for a gift that would win the princess.

The days rolled by, and towards the end of the thirty days, one of the princes rode up to the palace, bringing with him a casket, containing the most fabulous precious stones.

Almost at his heels, came the second prince, and he laid in front of the king, his gift composing of rare weapons, inlaid with gold and gems.

"Now we must wait for the third prince," said the king, eyeing the gifts with a frown.

Right at the end of the thirty days, the third prince galloped through the palace gates. When he was shown into the presence of the king, everyone was shocked to see that his clothing was dusty and torn. And he certainly carried no gift for the princess.

"Your Majesty," said the prince addressing the king. "I bring no gifts. I have come to beg your forgiveness, for other

events proved to be more pressing, and I have been unable to fulfil the task you set."

The king looked at the prince with a smile in his eyes. "Pray, tell us of these other events that proved so pressing?"

"It's not a long story sire," replied the prince promptly. "Two days ride from your kingdom I encountered a band of men, women and children, who were in great distress. A band of robbers had raided their village, and having looted everything worth taking, the robbers set fire to the village."

"The villagers were scared," went on the prince. "But I banded the men together and raised more men from neighbouring villages. Then with my motley army, I invaded the robbers' territory and defeated them soundly. It all took time, so I no longer consider myself a suitor for your daughter, I merely beg you to forgive me."

"Nonsense," exclaimed the king. "Your valour in helping those in distress, is the greatest gift you could bestow on the princess."

At a sign from her father, the princess smiling demurely, took a garland of roses and placed it round the neck of the prince.



# GOLDEN CURL AND SILVER STAR

Once there was a king who fell in love with a good and beautiful girl. They were married amid great rejoicing, but the Queen Mother was secretly jealous of the beautiful young queen who had come to take her place and determined to have her revenge on the young couple.

After some time, a lovely baby boy was born to them, but in the middle of the night, when everyone was sleeping, the Queen Mother stole the baby from its cot. In its place, she left a kitten wrapped in baby clothes.

She placed the baby in a small box and threw the box into the river.

Next morning, there was great amazement when a kitten was discovered in the cradle. The young mother was full of grief, but the old queen whispered it round that the girl was a witch and this was the reason she had a kitten for a son.

Time passed and another child was born and the same thing happened again. When the kitten was found in the cot, the rumour began to spread



**The Queen Mother stole the baby from its cot.**



through the whole kingdom that the young queen was a witch.

A long way down the river, far from the city, lived an old fisherman. He often went out at night to fish in the river, so that he could take his catch to sell in the market next morning.



One night, to his surprise, he caught a little box and when he pulled it to the bank he heard cries coming from it. Inside he found a baby boy and he took the child home to his wife at once. As they had no children of their own, they decided to keep the baby and bring him up as their son.

Inside the box was some money which the old woman put safely away. "We have enough to live on and who knows when he may need this?" she said.

When they looked carefully at the baby they discovered a tiny mark, like a small golden curl, behind his left ear, so they called him Golden Curl.

Time passed and again, as the old man was fishing in the river one night, he pulled to the shore a little box. This time it held a baby girl, whom he took home to his wife.

They called her Silver Star, for behind her ear was a mark like a tiny silver star.

The children grew up healthy and happy. However, one day they went to the old fisherman and his wife and asked if it was true that they had been found in the river, as the chil-



dren of the village had told them.

The old couple then told them the whole story and the children decided that it was time they went in search of their real parents.

They took a fond farewell of their adopted parents and set out for the city. There they bought themselves a little house with the money which had been found in their boxes. They were very happy, working in their small garden and it soon looked so pretty that everyone around came to see it.

Even the Queen Mother got to hear of it and as soon as she heard the children's names, she knew at once who they must be, for she too, had noticed the golden curl and the silver star on the two babies. At once, she made plans to get rid of them.

Dressed as an old beggar woman, the old queen went to see the garden, too.

"It is very pretty," she said to the children, "but think how much nicer it would be if each branch had a little bell on it. They would dangle in the wind and make the sweetest music."

"Where can we get little bells?" asked the children.

"Oh, there is the most

wonderful garden on the mountain," replied the old queen. "There are plenty of bells there. You need take only one and hang it on a branch and next morning all the other branches will have bells, too." Saying this, she took her leave, but she did not tell the children that the garden was bewitched and whoever stayed there for more than a minute would, change into glass.

Golden Curl decided to go and find the garden, but his sister was afraid. "Do not



The old queen went to see the garden too.



linger there," she warned him. "Come straight out again."

Golden Curl promised and set out. He had no difficulty in finding the garden and he seized a bell from one of the branches and rushed away as fast as his legs could carry him. He was there only half a minute.

He hung the bell on a branch and next morning their garden was filled with bells, dancing in in the breeze.

The Queen Mother was furious but she paid another visit. What a pity you have no little pond," she said. "It would look fine filled with golden fish."

"Where are the golden fish to be found?" asked Golden Curl.

"Why, in the garden on the mountain," said the old queen, so Golden Curl set off there once more.

He found the fish, gathered some up and fled as though he were being pursued and he was there no more than three-quarters of a minute.

The old queen was even more angry when she paid another visit and there were both the children and the golden fish. This time she said, "Now your garden needs only the bird of truth to complete it and that is to be found in the very last

room of the castle which stands in the garden"

Nothing would satisfy Golden Curl but to set off in search of the bird of truth, but alas, the castle was full of treasures and he paused so long to look at them that as he reached the bird, there was a great crash and he was turned into a splinter of glass.

When her brother did not return, Silver Star decided to set out in search of him. On the road, the unhappy girl met an old woman who asked what was the matter and when she heard the story, the old woman told Silver Star that she must look neither to right or left, but go straight in and out.

Silver Star did as she was told, pausing only to snatch up the cage containing the bird of truth and the splinters of glass which lay scattered on the floor, as the old woman had told her.

She was outside the garden again just as the minute was up and at once all the splinters of glass turned into children. There was Golden Curl, who had been bewitched like the rest.

Joyfully they returned to the little house with the bird of truth and news of the children



reached the ears of the king and queen. They, too, went to the garden to see the bird of truth.

"Does it really tell only the truth?" asked the young queen sadly and the children assured her that it did. "Then tell me what happened to my two babies," said the queen to the bird. At once it told the whole story of the Queen Mother's evil deeds.

The king and queen were delighted to have found their

own children again and hugged and kissed Golden Curl and Silver Star. They saw that the old fisherman and his wife were well rewarded, but the old queen was punished as she deserved.

There was great happiness in all the land, for the other children who had wandered into the bewitched garden and had been turned into bits of glass, were also returned to their joyful parents.







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*Reference to study done by Russell and Elvove,  
1951, in 'Scientific Articles', page 305,  
Annals of the Royal College of Surgeons,  
England, November 1969. Vol. 45/No. 5.*

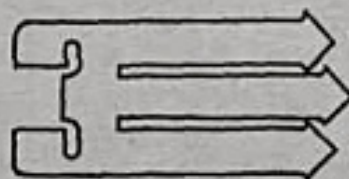
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